

he showed me
the three pages away from the end of the comic book
where there was an ad
asking for a submission of your work
to see if you could be a professional cartoonist and make
really big money doing what you love.

he submitted and was confident.

the art institute would help develop
his skills and help with placement
in the exciting world of unlimited opportunities.

he also killed cats with his
signed major league baseball bat
in the backyard
where his father kept hunting dogs
in chain linked enclosures

where the dogs banged their bodies

against the indignity of just having to watch

the slaughter while

their instincts were squandered

in the dirty grassless cages

until they were loaded

into deer or javelina hunting

death trucks.

no one in the family of eight

was quite right in the mind.

the second eldest son had eyes
that never focused on what he was seeing.

the third eldest son charged money to watch him
feed mice to his many glass enclosed snakes that swallowed mice in a particularly slow way.

his mother wore a drool apron when she spoon fed another son
who had several scars on his head that came from his epileptic fallings that made him special.

the daughters served several needs in the family...

they did not even know they were

a greek chorus

sweating out the night

in the silence of their rooms

waiting for what they did not know

was what they should not be waiting for.

his gift was on the third page.

he showed me.

wf.h.

2025